The Myrtle

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13

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Love of Country.

BREATHES there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well,
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

Sir Walter Scott.

Our Fathers.

Our Fathers were high-minded men
Who firmly kept the faith,
To freedom and to conscience true,
In danger and in death.

Nor should their deeds be e'er forgot,
For noble men were they,
Who struggled hard for sacred rights,
And bravely won the day.

And such as our forefathers were,
May we their children be!
And in our hearts their spirit live,
That baffled tyranny.

Then we'll uphold the cause of Right;
The cause of Mercy, too;
To toil or suffer for the Truth
Is th' noblest thing to do.

An American Army of Two.

EARLY in the morning the ship first appeared. At once there was the greatest excitement in the village. It was a British war-ship. What would she do? Would she tack about in the bay to pick up stray coasters as prizes, or would she land soldiers to burn the town? In either case there would be trouble enough.

Those were sad days, those old war-times in 1812. The sight of a British war-ship in Boston Bay was not pleasant. We were poor then, and had no monitors to go out and sink the enemy or drive him off. Our navy was small, and, though we afterwards had the victory and sent the troublesome ships away, never to return, at that time they often came near enough, and the good people in the little viliage of Scituate Harbor were in great distress over the strange ship that had appeared at the mouth of the harbor.

It was a fishing-place in those days, and the harbor was full of smacks and boats of all kinds. The soldiers could easily enter the harbor and burn up everything, and no one could prevent them. There were men enough to make a good

fight, but they were poorly armed, and had nothing but fowling-pieces and shot-guns, while the soldiers had muskets and cannon.

The tide was down during the morning. so that there was no danger for a few hours; and all the people went out on the cliffs and beaches to watch the ship and to see what would happen next.

On the end of the low, sandy spit that makes one side of the harbor, stood the little white tower known as Scituate Light. In the house behind the light lived the keeper's family, consisting of himself, wife, and several boys and girls. At the time the ship appeared, the keeper was away, and there was no one at home save Mrs. Bates, the eldest daughter, Rebecca, about fourteen years old, two of the little boys, and a young girl named Sarah Winsor, who was visiting Rebecca.

Rebecca had been the first to discover the ship, while she was up in the light-house tower polishing the reflector. She at once descended the steep stairs and sent off the boys to the village to give the alarm.

For an hour or two, the ship tacked and stood off to sea, then tacked again, and made for the shore. Men, women and children watched her with anxious interest. Then the tide turned and began to flow into the harbor. The boats aground on the flats floated, and those in deep water swung round at their moorings. Now the soldiers would probably land. If the people meant to save anything it was time to be stirring. Boats were hastily put out from the wharf, and such clothing, nets and other valuables as could be handled were brought ashore, loaded into hay carts, and carred away.

It was of no use to resist. The soldiers, of course, were well armed, and if the people made a stand among the houses, that would not prevent the enemy from destroying the shipping.

As the tide spread out over the sandy flats it filled the harbor so that, instead of a small channel, it became a wide and beautiful bay. The day was fine, and there was a gentle breeze rippling the water and making it sparkle in the sun. What a splendid day for fishing or sailing! Not much use to think of either while that war-ship crossed and recrossed before the harbor mouth.

About two o'clock the tide reached high water mark, and, to the dismay of the people, the ship let go her anchor, swung her yards round, and lay quiet about half-a-mile from the first cliff. They were going to land to burn the town. With their spy-glasses the people could see the boats lowered to take the soldiers ashore.

Ah! then there was confusion and uproar. Every horse in the village was put into some kind of team, and the women and children were hurried off to the woods behind the town. The men would stay and offer as brave a resistance as possible. Their guns were light and poor, but they could use the old fish-houses as a fort, and perhaps make a brave fight of it. If worse came to worse, they could at least retreat and take to the shelter of the woods.

It was a splendid sight. Five large boats, manned by sailors, and filled with soldiers in gay red coats. How their guns glittered in the sun! The oars all moved together in regular order, and the officers in their fine uniforms stood up to direct the expedition. It was a courageous company come with a war-ship and cannon to fight helpless fishermen.

So Rebecca Bates and Sarah Winsor thought, as they sat up in the light-house tower looking down on the procession of boats as it went past the point and entered the harbor.

"Oh! If I only were a man!" cried Rebecca.

"What could you do? See what a lot of them; and look at their guns!"

"I don't care. I'd fight. I'd use father's old shot-gun—anything. Think of uncle's new boat and the sloop!"

"Yes; and all the boats."

"It's too bad; isn't it?"

"Yes; and to think we must sit here and see it all and not lift a finger to help."

"Do you think there will be a fight?"

"I don't know. Uncle and father are in the village, and they will do all they can."

"See how still it is in town. There's not a man to be seen."

"Oh, they are hiding till the soldiers get nearer. Then we'll hear the shots and the drum."

"The drum! How can they? It's here. Father brought it home to mend it last night."

"Did he? Oh! then let's—"

"See, the first boat has reached the sloop. Oh! oh! They are going to burn her."

"Isn't it mean?"

"It's too bad!—too—"

"Where is that drum?"

"It's in the kitchen."

"I've a great mind to go down and beat it."

"What good would that do?"

"Scare 'em."

"They'd see it was only two girls, and they would laugh and go on burning just the same."

"No. We could hide behind the sand hills and the bushes. Come, let's—"

"Oh, look! look! The sloop's afire!"

"Come, I can't stay and see it any more. The cowardly Britishers to burn the boats! Why don't they go up to the town and fight like—"

"Come, let's get the drum. It'll do no harm; and perhaps—"

"Well, let's. There's the fife, too; we might take that with us."

"Yes; and we'll—"

No time for further talk. Down the steep stairs of the tower rushed these two young patriots, bent on doing what they could for their country. They burst into the kitchen like a whirlwind, with rosy cheeks and flying hair. Mrs. Bates sat sorrowfully gazing out of the window at the scene of destruction going on in the harbor, and praying for her country and that the dreadful war might soon be over. She could not help. Son and husband were shouldering their poor old guns in the town, and there was nothing to do but to watch and wait and pray.

Not so the two girls. They meant to do something, and, in a fever of excitement, they got the drum and took the cracked fife from the bureau drawer. Mrs. Bates, intent on the scene outside, did not heed them, and they slipped out by the back door, unnoticed.

They must be careful, or the soldiers would see them. They went round back of the house to the north and towards the outside beach, and then turned and plowed through the deep sand just above high-water mark. They must keep out of sight of the boats, and of the ship, also. Luckily, she was anchored to the south of the light; and as the beach curved to the west, they soon left her out of sight. Then they took to the water side, and, with the drum between them, ran as fast as they could towards the mainland. Presently they reached the low heaps of sand that showed where the spit joined the fields and woods.

Panting and excited, they tightened up the drum and tried the fife softly.

"You take the fife, Sarah, and I'll drum."

"All right; but we musn't stand still. We must march along the shore towards the light."

"Wont they see us?"

"No; we'll walk next the water on the outside beach."

"Oh, yes; and they'll think it's soldiers going down to the Point to head 'em off."

"Just so. Come, begin! One, two, — one, two!"

Drum! drum!! drum!!!

Squeak! squeak!! squeak!!!

"For'ard — march!"

"Ha! ha!"

The fife stopped.

"Don't laugh. You'll spoil everything, and I can't pucker my lips."

Drum! drum!! drum!!!

Squeak! squeak!! squeak!!!

The men in the town heard it and were amazed beyond measure. Had the soldiers arrived from Boston? What did it mean? Who were coming?

Louder and louder on the breeze came the roll of a sturdy drum and the sound of a brave fife. The soldiers in the boats heard the noise and paused in their work of destruction. The officers ordered everybody into the boats in the greatest haste. The people were rising! They were coming down the Point with cannons, to head them off! They would all be captured, and perhaps hung by the dreadful Americans!

How the drum rolled! The fife changed its tune. It played "Yankee Doodle," — that horrid tune! Hark! The men were cheering in the town; there were thousands of them in the woods along the shore!

In grim silence marched the two girls, — plodding over the sharp stones, splashing through the puddles, — Rebecca beating the old drum with might and main, Sarah blowing the fife with shrill determination.

How the Britishers scrambled into their boats! One of the brave officers was nearly left behind on the burning sloop. Another fell overboard and wet his good clothes, in his haste to escape from the American army marching down the beach — a thousand strong! How the sailors pulled! No fancy rowing now, but desperate haste to escape to the ship.

How the people yelled and cheered on the shore! Fifty men or more jumped into boats to prepare for the chase. Ringing shots began to crack over the water.

Louder and louder rolled the terrible drum. Sharp and clear rang out the cruel fife.

Nearly exhausted, half dead with fatigue, the

girls toiled on, — tearful, laughing, ready to drop on the wet sand, and still beating and blowing with fiery courage.

The boats swept swiftly out of the harbor on the outgoing tide. The fishermen came up with the burning boats. Part stopped to put out the fires, and the rest pursued the flying enemy with such shots as they could get at them. In the midst of it all, the sun went down.

The red-coats did not return a shot. They expected every minute to see a thousand men open on them at short range from the beach, and they reserved their powder.

Out of the harbor they went in confusion and dismay. The ship weighed anchor and ran out her big guns, but did not fire a shot. Darkness fell down on the scene as the boats reached the ship. Then she sent a round shot towards the light. It fell short and threw a great fountain of white water into the air.

The girls saw it, and dropping their drum and fife, sat down on the beach and laughed till they cried.

That night the ship sailed away. The great American army of two had arrived, and she thought it wise to retreat in time!

Rebecca is still living, old and feeble in body, but brave in spirit and strong in patriotism. She told this story herself to the writer, and it is true. — *Charles Barnard in St. Nicholas for July.*

A PARTY of friends were one evening assembled round the table at a meal, and after some time two children, who were present, were observed to sit looking at their food, while all the others ate.

"Why do you not proceed, my dear?" asked a lady.

"Because papa has not asked a blessing," replied the infant voices.

For the Myrtle.

The Bold Grenadiers.

"A Train-band Captain Bold was He."

MY niece Lizzie was rummaging in the closet under the stairs, and brought forth — a hat. It was black as night, and shiny as a new-blacked boot, and solid and stiff as a piece of stovepipe, and it had no rim. In fact it was not a hat at all, but a very tall and stiff cap with a small fore-piece. It had a band that dropped under the chin, and a small straight cockade in front like the stalk that grows on a cat-tail flag.

"Oh, what a queer cap!" cried Lizzie.

"Mercy me, it looks like the cap of a servant-in-livery," cried my friend Mrs. Walter. "Where did you get it?"

I laughed at sight of the old relic that I had hardly looked on for twenty years, though I had a sudden feeling in my throat as if I would like to cry too. "I rather think no servant-in-livery ever had the wearing of that stately head-piece," said I. "If you notice, it is about large enough for a boy ten years old. It was very nicely made of stiff pasteboard and painted black with lamp-black paint; and they had to send away after the cockades, and the eagles that fastened them on. There were two of them. Where, I wonder is the other? And where, oh where, is the little red wooden sword?"

"Auntie, what *do* you mean?" cried Lizzie.

"I mean," said I with a flourish, taking up the battered old hat, "that this is a military relic, and that it used to be worn with great glory by your Uncle John. Your Uncle Murray had one just like it, and they both had all the regimentals that belonged with them. Murray had a red wooden gun, and John who was the captain, had a red wooden sword. Many a day I had that wonderful sword to play with, when I was a little girl. They had uniforms, too. It was a kind of military rig, and they always wore

it on training days and Fourth of Julys, and sometimes on holidays. I can't remember when they first had them, but I can remember the whole company, in red and white, with red guns marching up and down the village on the Fourth of July, with a drum and fife at the head, and John with his sword as the Captain. I used to think it was splendid."

"Did all the boys in the village have them?" asked Lizzie.

"Yes, there was a whole company, and they used to call them 'The Bold Grenadiers.' This was when our dear mother was alive, and she named them. I remember our Aunt Emeline's telling us about it after John and Murray had grown up and gone. She said our dear mother used to sit by the window when she was sick and watch the boys at play in the back yard. It was in the time of the Mexican war, and military companies used to be out a great deal, on training and muster days, and the Fourth of July; so of course the boys played soldiers. They had learned all the military orders, of 'right about—face,' and 'left, left,' and 'forward—march,' and 'to the right—wheel,' and knew how to make the men stand to a line, and hold up their heads, as well as Colonel Clark himself. John always used to command. with two sticks tied together for a sword. Our boys had a flag, too, tied on a stick, and paper cocked-hats that they had folded up three cornered, as you make a boat. But they used to have a motley company all the way from big boys in tail-coats down to little ones in aprons. Our mother used to watch their manœuvres and laugh until she almost cried.

"'Our boys must have some uniforms,' she would say, 'and be organized in a real train-band company. They'll be soldiers before their mothers are now.'

"Aunt Emeline asked the mothers of all the boys in to tea one night, and our mother told them the plan. She had planned a little uniform of white frock and white trousers, all trimmed with red bands and red belts to the frocks. They could be made of coarse cotton and would cost almost nothing. The hats were the worst thing. They must be something like the real June-training hats, to really satisfy the boys.

"Aunt Betty Sharp, who had been invited because she was such a friend to all the boys, offered to undertake the hats. She knew that with stiff pasteboard, which she knew how to make, she could get up as good a hat as Colonel Clarke's himself. The mothers all were well pleased with the whole plan, and agreed to send away for the cockades if Aunt Betty would make the hats. And how well she did it,—just look at that one, thirty years old, and see!

"They agreed to get the suits all done for the Fourth of July which came in a fortnight. They had to tell the boys so as to have them get a l ready. The mothers hadn't thought anything about guns and swords, but the boys did. Uncle George helped make them. Indeed, he made John's sword himself, and a beauty it was. He made them one gun for a pattern, and they made the rest, and got some red paint and painted them. He cut them the pattern of a big eagle, too, with outspread wings, and Aunt Emeline made them a real stars-and-stripes flag with the big eagle in the corner and stars all around him. Our dear mother made the pattern of the uniforms; and the last sewing she ever did was on those two little red-and-white suits.

"Not until the morning of the Fourth when the boys all had their unforms on and were gathered at our house, did Aunt Betty appear with her hats. When the boys saw those cockades, Aunt Emeline said they gave such a war-whoop as would have scared a whole tribe of Indians.

"So that's the story of the shiny hat. And many a Fourth of July did it march up and down, on the head of a 'Bold Grenadier.' I remember them, four abreast, the big boys first, the very little boys far behind, so they looked like quite an orderly company, *How* Natie J. used to play the fife!"

"Natie J.," said Lizzie thoughtfully. "Why, isn't that the name you read on the soldier's monument at St. J., auntie?"

"Yes; and when I read 'Nathan P. J——, 1st Lieutenant,' and the rest of it, you thought it so strange that I said 'I used to know that little boy.' But I couldn't think of the 1st Lieutenant on that far-off battle field at all. I could only see little Natie J., with his long hair flying out from under a tall shiny hat, in a little white frock with a red belt, puffing out his cheeks to play Yankee Doodle, as he marched proudly at the head of the Bold Grenadiers!"

H. A. B.

MEN are estimated by the mass of character. A block of tin may contain a grain of silver but still it is tin.

Children's Sunday.

MASSACHUSETTS.

—Children's Sunday was celebrated in Boston at both the Columbus Avenue and Shawmut churches, June 21. On account of the cold rainy day, the number of children presented was small, but in both churches the floral decorations of the altar were profuse, and the services conducted with the usual interest. The union picnic of these two Sunday Schools arranged for the day before was also interfered with by the storm, and the schools will now unite with the Roxbury school in a picnic at the same place (Silver Lake) on July 7.

—Sunday, the 21st inst., was observed as Children's Sunday in East Boston. The church was beautifully decorated with flowers. The pastor gave a sermon to the children on "Words" after which sixteen children were christened. The church was crowded and the occasion was a very pleasant one. In the evening the Sunday School gave a concert.

—June 21 was Children's Sunday at the Charlestown church, and the interesting exercises of christening the children, which took place in the forenoon, was witnessed by a very large congregation. The church was beautifully decorated for the occasion with flowers and smilax. Fourteen young children were brought to the altar by their parents, and were christened by the pastor, Rev. W. T. Stowe, and an infant son of the pastor's was christened by the Rev. Sumner Ellis. Rev. Mr. Stowe, the pastor, discoursed from 1 Cor. xiii. 11, "When I was a child I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child," from which he preached a most able sermon concerning the duty of parents toward their children.

—The annual festival known as the Children's Sunday was duly observed in the Chelsea church on Sunday, the 21st. In spite of the inclemency of the weather there was a very large attendance. The floral decorations were unusually elaborate, and were contributed and arranged by the Altar Society, so called, the whole presenting a fine appearance. The exercises were very interesting and thirteen children were christened by the pastor. Rev. A. J. Canfield, who made interesting remarks applicable to the occasion.

—Sunday, June 21, was observed in East Cambridge as Children's Sunday. The floral decorations, always in good taste on similar occasions, far surpassing those of any previous year. Twenty-five children were baptized, also two adults, the latter uniting with the church. Rev. O. F. Safford addressed the school and its friends. A concert in the evening.

—The church in Somerville was elaborately and beautifully decorated. The sermon was by the pastor, Rev. G. H. Vibbert, subject, "What shall we teach the children?" The attendance was very large and the occasion very interesting in every respect. Seven children were baptized.

—The Melrose Sunday School observed Children's Sunday, June 11. The church was profusely decorated. Singing and recitations to the number of twenty-four pieces made the full programme. We learn that the occasion was a happy one.

—A degree of interest in the observance of this day, larger than common, was exhibited by the people of Milford. A very large congregation was present although the weather was not altogether promising. The church was most beautifully decorated with the greatest profusion of flowers, in the form of hanging baskets, wreaths, crosses, bouquets, stands of flowers, etc., thus reflecting much credit upon the taste of those who planned and executed the work. A short sermon on "Some Lessons from the Growth of Flowers." for the children, was preached by the pastor. Five little ones received the water of baptism.

—In Marblehead Children's Sunday was observed. The church was decorated elaborately and profusely; twenty-five children were baptized. The whole service being conducted by the pastor, the Rev. Mr. Closson.

—Sunday, June 21, was duly observed by our church in Wakefield as Children's Sunday. In the morning the pastor preached to the children from the text, "Consider the lilies," and in the evening the Sunday School gave their annual Floral Concert before an audience that crowded the house to overflowing. The exercises, which were of a deeply interesting character, closed with an excellent address by Mrs. E. M. Brown of Melrose The church was elegantly decorated with a profusion of flowers.

—Children's Sunday was observed in Pigeon Cove the second Sunday in June. The church was appropriately decorated with flowers. In the evening the piece from the *Helper*, written for the occasion, was admirably performed by the Sunday School under direction of Miss L. A. Clarke, daughter of the pastor.

—Children's Sunday was duly observed by our friend of Abington in an appropriate manner. The church was beautifully decorated, and at both services was crowded to the door. During the service of the afternoon the pastor's infant son was christened and four adults united with the church by baptism. In the evening the poem from the *Helper* edtitled "Coming to Jesus" was well rendered. It was a *white* Sunday for our Abington friends.

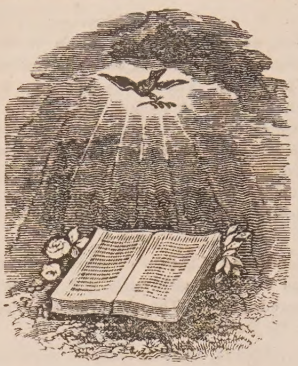
—The church in Danvers was decorated with a profusion of flowers, arranged in fine taste. The sermon was by Rev. Mr. Pardee from the text, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." The rite of baptism was administered to two children by the former pastor, Rev. G. J. Sanger.

—Children's Sunday was observed by the Second Society in Lynn with appropriate services. The church was beautifully and tastefully decorated with festoons, hanging baskets, and crosses, reflecting much credit on the members of the society. The altar was covered with beautiful bouquets of flowers, and in front was a white cross hung with a massive half-wreath of pure white flowers, the work of Master Chadwell of the Sunday School. Three persons including the pastor's wife and her sister were admitted to the church. Seven children were baptized, among them the infant son of the pastor.

—On Children's Sunday the church in Lawrence was elaborately decorated. Sixteen children were baptized. Twelve adults were received into the church.

OHIO.

—Sunday, June 14, was observed as Childeren's Sunday in many of the Ohio churches. At Columbus the day was beautifully and successfully observed. The young people had decorated the church profusely with flowers, vines and leaves. and the Sunday School was represented in full force. The church was crowded with children and parents and friends. Thirty-four were baptized. It was the second service of the kind our Columbus friends have held, and the people seem to be in entire sympathy with the idea and to enter heartily into the beautiful observance. So well pleased are they with the plan that a Memorial Service is talked of to be observed in the autumn.



The Beginning of the Gospel.

We turn now to the life of JESUS, as recorded by St. Mark. This "evangelist" as he is called because he wrote one of the gospels, was the nephew of Barnabas, and companion of the disciples as they were founding the first churches. He was for some time with Peter; and it is a tradition that as the scribe or secretary of Peter he wrote this gospel. If so, then it is really the "gospel according to St. Peter," who was an eye-witness of most of the things recorded in it.

As this was not the first of the gospels to be written, it does not repeat the story of the birth and childhood of Jesus, as they are told by Matthew and Luke, but begins with his public ministry, — when he was thirty years of age.

The first record Mark gives us is that of the messenger who came before Jesus to prepare the way for him. This was John, the son of Zacharias and Elizabeth; and called John the Baptist because he baptized the people with water, as a sign of their repentance from their sins.

John was the distant relative, by birth, of Jesus of Nazareth. Their mothers were cousins. But John came of the family of the priesthood, being a direct descendant on both the father's and mother's side, of Aaron, the first great high-priest. He was therefore a priest, as we have learned in the life of Aaron that the Lord promised that the priesthood should be in his family forever. So it had come down for fifteen hundred years. Zacharias was a priest in the Temple, and so John would have been after him, if the Lord had not called him to a greater mission.

But John was destined to be one of those great prophets who from time to time had arisen in Israel, as the Lord had promised, to guide the people, and keep them in the righteous ways of Moses. These men, Samuel, Elijah, Isaiah, Daniel and others, had all been great and solitary souls, dwelling apart from the multitude, and coming forth from their solitude only to announce the word of the Lord to the people. So John became a hermit, dwelling in solitary places, wearing coarse clothing and eating the wild food of the wilderness. What wonder that when he came forth to preach with his strange and burning eloquence, that the people, who had been without the voice of prophecy for four hundred years should flock in great numbers to hear him, and looking at each other with wonder and joy should cry, "This is Elias (Elijah) or some great Prophet, or the Christ himself!"

We may wonder that the people found time to flock in such crowds, day after day, to hear the preaching of John, by the river Jordan. But the year of his preaching was the Sabbatic year of the Israelites, or as we must now say, the Jews: (for they took this name from their most powerful tribe, Judah.) If we turn back to the twenty-fifth chapter of Leviticus and read it carefully we shall find that every seven years the Jews were to keep a Sabbath-year, when the land was to rest and the people to plant and reap no crops. It was this seventh year; which may account for the freedom of the "common people" to follow and listen to the ministry of John and of Jesus.

All the prophets had called the Israelites to a repentance of their sins and a return to obedience. So did John. But he had a new and wonderful reason to give. The great Prophet whom Moses and all the prophets foretold, the Christ, was coming! They must make themselves ready to receive him. In token of this preparation of heart, this forsaking of their sins, he baptized all who thus repented in the river Jordan.

Baptism was no new thing among the Jews. All converts from other nations who wished to become Jews were baptized; and they called it being born again. They put off their old name and took a new, Jewish one; and were then regarded in all respects as if they had been born Jews. So baptism had a great deal of meaning for the Jews. And when John baptized his converts "in the name of Christ" they understood themselves to become members of that new kingdom which Christ was to bring. To be sure they thought it was to be a glorious earthly kingdom; they knew nothing of the spirit of the divine Master who was to come; but they wanted to be among the first to recognize and join the great Messiah for whom they had waited so long. And a beautiful enthusiasm it was!

To John as he was thus baptizing by the shore of Jordan came Jesus himself. Well did John cry "I need to be baptized of thee, and comest thou to me?" But Jesus would lend his own sanction to this beautiful symbol of a holier life. It was as if he had said, Dear brethren, I am one of you; let us all try together to live this divine life that shall be washed from sin. So Jesus submitted himself to John and was led into the water. And there before all the people "the Holy Spirit descended upon thim like a dove," and a voice from heaven said "Thou art my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." In this glorious and beautiful manner did God at once show who JESUS was, to all those multitudes, and also express his approval of the ceremony to which Jesus had given his example. This has made the rite of baptism, the old custom of the Jews, a sacred symbol, in all the ages since, of a desire to live like Christ; and among nearly all Christians, it is a part of the beautiful ceremony of entrance into his church.

HEAR the Saviour's gentle voice,
"Come unto me and live;
I will in no wise cast you out,
I'll all your sins forgive."

Answer.

JULY 4. Jordan; Obedience; Sacrifice; Hor; Unbelief; Aaron. *Joshua.*

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